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POOR ANGELICA.

and scenery of the Dan, with that old saying found in Publius Virgilius Maro, *magnis componere parva*. Our Number Five thought it was deeply to be regretted that the poet's fine phrenzy should all evaporate upon the passing occasion, when the artist *par excellence*, "the man of the head waters," &c., and he "of the small round hat," were turning these precious moments to such good account, storing up such a vast fund of reflection, sketches for immortal canvas, and generous supplies of trout. He, therefore, concluded to give an everlasting publicity to his own name by wedding the subject to the muse of poetry. His effusions, however, have not yet come to light. Let us hope for them before Horace's nine years shall have elapsed. The hours passed pleasantly away. Softer and gentler lights now stole in through the hemlocks, and as they fell athwart the cascade's seething waters, a picture was realized such as the landscape painter sometimes ventures to interpret, by the medium of his own peculiar coloring. That this coloring is a substitute for Nature, and a good one at times, and in favorable positions of light properly concentrated, we may concede; but in our studies of the original, surrounded by all the appliances of an outer world, an electric atmosphere, and a highly exhilarated temperament, we feel convinced that it requires the hand of high Art and fortunate coloring, and a deep knowledge of the greatest force of light and shade, to substitute Art for Nature. How the party finally succeeded in reaching home, after several days spent in beech wood sports, we think it unnecessary to say, and have not limits to detail. All things went swimmingly on, and filled expectation to the brim. "The man with the small round hat," the staunch admirer of Genin, who, in selecting that specimen of a crown, wished to prove that beauty is a positive idea, and not the creature of mere conventionality, remained true to his principles, and enlivened the members of the expedition with his constant discharge of naïve humor. His outer man, it is true, was not adapted to hard service, and he became somewhat reduced in flesh, but the sinews were firm, and of that gutta-serena nature which sustains the severest tension.

We might, indeed, attribute the whole glory of this æsthetic campaign to himself, and the hero of the "head waters of the Dan," since upon the jocund intellectuality of the former, and the remarkable strategic abilities of the latter, our brilliant successes seemed, in a great measure, to depend. If ever a second attempt should be made to enter upon an enterprise like this, where the highest philosophic and æsthetic purposes are blended with the amusements of actual trout angling and theoretical pickerel fishing, we hope to be the chronicler of those events.

JAMES HENRY.

A NEW Court has been added to the many attractions of the Crystal Palace. Mr. Mayall, the photographer, has lent his assistance in forming a Crimean Court. Besides a number of models, charts, and relics, of the battle-field, the Court now contains a series of photographic portraits representing her Majesty's ministers, distinguished men connected with the war, wounded officers, &c. Some of the latter, we believe, are duplicates of pictures taken by Mr. Mayall for her Majesty's portfolio.—*Athenæum*.

In the fasta of gifted, beautiful, good, wronged, and unhappy women, there are few names that shine with so bright and pure a lustre as that of Angelica Kauffmann. The flower of her life was spent in this country; but she is scarcely remembered in it now, even among the members and lovers of the profession which she adorned. Those who wish to know anything definite concerning a lady who was the pet of the English aristocracy, and the cynosure of English painters for some years of the past century, must turn to foreign sources, and hear from foreign lips and pens the praises of poor Angelica. Though undeniably a foreigner, she had as undeniable a right to be mentioned in the records of British painters as those other foreigners domiciliated among us at the same epoch: Listard, Zucchi, Zoffani, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Roubiliac, Michael Moser, Nollekens, Louthenbourg, Zuccarelli, Vibares, and Fuseli. Of all these worthies of the easel there are copious memoirs and an extant, yet the published (English) notices of Angelica would not fill half this page. In Sir Wm. Beechey's *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, there is no mention whatsoever made of my heroine; nor, what is more to be wondered at, is she named in Mr. Allen Cunningham's excellent *Life of Sir Joshua*. Yet Angelica painted the president's portrait; and the president himself, it is darkly said, was desirous on his part of possessing not only the portrait of his fair limner, but the original itself. Even the garrulous, tittle-tattling, busybody, Boswell, has nothing to say, in his *Life of Johnson*, of the catastrophe of Angelica's life; although it was town talk for weeks, and although the sinister finger of public suspicion pointed at no less a man than Johnson's greatest friend, Joshua Reynolds, as cognisant of, if not accessory to, the conspiracy by which the happiness of Angelica Kauffmann was blasted. In Smith's *Nollekens* and his *Times* there is a silly bit of improbable scandal about the fair painter. In Knowle's *Life of Fuseli* we learn in half-a-dozen meagre lines that that eccentric genius was introduced to Madame Kauffmann on his first coming to England; and that he was very nearly becoming enamored of her; but that this desirable consummation was prevented by Miss Mary Moser, daughter of the keeper of the Royal Academy (appropriately a Swiss), becoming enamored of him. Stupid, woeful Mr. Pilkington has a brief memoir of Angelica. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, once, and once only, alludes to her. In Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary* there is a notice of Angelica about equal, in compass and ability, to that we frequently find of a deceased commissioner of inland revenue in a weekly newspaper. In the vast catalogue of the Museum Library I can only discover one reference to Angelica Kauffmann, personally, that being a stupid epistle to her, written in seventeen hundred and eighty-one by one Mr. G. Keate. I have been thus minute in my English researches, in order to avoid the imputation of having gone abroad, when I might have fared better at home. I might have spared myself some labor too; for my travels in search of Angelica in foreign parts have been tedious and painful. That which M. Artaud, in that great caravanserai of celebrities the *Biographie Universelle*, has to say about her is of the driest; and a Herr Bockshammer, a German, from whom I expected great things, merely referred me to another A. Kauffmann, not at all angelical; but connected with a head-splitting treatise on the human mind.

I will try to paint my poor Angelica. Calumny, envy, biographers who lie by their silence, cannot deny that she was a creature marvellously endowed. She was a painter, a musician; she would have made an excellent tragic actress; she embroidered; she danced; she was facund

in expression, infinite in variety; she was good, amiable, and virtuous; full of grace, vivacity, and wit. Fancy Venus without her mole; fancy Minerva without her ægis (which was, you may be sure, her ugliness). Fancy Ninon de l'Enclos with the virtue of Madame de Sévigné. Fancy a Rachel Esmond with the wit of a Becky Sharp. Fancy a woman as gifted as Sappho, but not a good-for-nothing; as wise as Queen Elizabeth, but no tyrant; as brave as Charlotte, Countess of Derby, but no blood-spiller for revenge; as unhappy as Clarissa Harlowe, but no prude; as virtuous as Pamela, but no calculator; as fair as my own darling Clementina, but no fool. Fancy all this, and fancy too, if you like, that I am in love with the ghost of Angelica Kauffmann, and am talking nonsense.

She was born (to return to reason) in the year seventeen hundred and forty-one, at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, a wild and picturesque district which extends along the right bank of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. She was baptised Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine. Angelica would have been enough for posterity to love her by. But, though rich in names, she was born to poverty in every other respect. Her father, John Joseph Kauffmann, was an artist, with talents below mediocrity, and his earnings proportionately meagre. He came, as all the Kauffmanns before him did, from Schwarzenburg, in the canton of Vorarlberg, and appears to have travelled about the surrounding cantons in something nearly approaching the character of an artistic tinker, mending a picture here, copying one there, mending a sign for this gasthoff keeper, and decorating a dining-room for that proprietor of a château. These nomadic excursions were ordinarily performed on foot. In one of his visits to Coire, where he was detained for some time, he happened, very naturally, to fall over head and ears with a Protestant damsel named Cléofé; nor was it either so very unnatural that Fraulein Cléofé should also fall in love with him. She loved him indeed so well as to adopt his religion, the Roman Catholic; upon which the church blessed their union, and they were married. Hence Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine, and hence this narrative.

If Goodman Kauffmann had really been a tinker, instead of a travelling painter, it is probable that his little daughter would very soon have been initiated into the mysteries of burning her fingers with hot solder, drumming with her infantile fists upon battered pots, and blackening her young face with cinders from the extinguished brazier. We all learn the vocation of our parents so early. I saw the other hot, sunny evening, a fat undertaker in a fever-breeding street near Soho, leaning against the door-jambs of his shop (where the fasces of mutes' staves are), smoking his pipe contentedly. He was a lusty man, and smoked his pipe with a jocund face; but his eyes were turned into his shady shop, where his little daughter—as I live it is true, and she was not more than nine years old—was knocking nails into a coffin on tressels. She missed her aim now and then, but went on, on the whole, swimmingly, to the great contentment of her sire, and there was in his face—though it was a fat face, and a greasy face, and a pimpled face—so beneficent an expression of love and fatherly pride, that I could forgive him his raven-like laugh, and the ghastly game he had set his daughter to.

So it was with little Angelica. Her first playthings were paint-brushes, bladders of colors, maul-sticks, and unstrained canvases; and there is no doubt that on many occasions she became quite a little Joseph, and had, if not a coat, at least a pinafore of many colors.

Kauffmann, an honest, simple-minded fellow, knowing nothing but his art, and not much of that, cherished the unselfish hope that in teaching his child, he might soon teach her to sur-

pass him. The wish—not an unfrequent one in the annals of Art—was soon realised. As Raffaele surpassed Perugino, and Michael Angelo surpassed Ghirlandajo, their masters, so Angelica speedily surpassed her father, and left him far behind. But it did not happen with him as it did with a certain master of the present day, who one day turned his pupil neck and heels out of his studio, crying, "You know more than I do. Go to the devil!" The father was delighted at his daughter's marvellous progress. Sensible of the obstacles opposed to a thorough study of drawing and anatomy in the case of females, he strenuously directed Angelica's faculties to the study of color. Very early she became initiated in those wondrous secrets of chiaroscuro which produce relief, and extenuate, if they do not redeem, the want of severity and correctness. At nine years of age, Angelica was a little prodigy.

In those days Father Kauffmann, urged perhaps by the necessity of opening up a new prospect in Life's diggings, quitted Coire, and established himself at Morbegno in the Valteline. Here he stopped till seventeen hundred and fifty-two, when, the artistic diggings being again exhausted, he removed to Como, intending to reside there permanently. The Bishop of Como, Monsignore Nevroni, had heard of the little painter prodigy, then only eleven years of age, and signified his gracious intention of sitting to her for his portrait. The prodigy succeeded to perfection, and she was soon overwhelmed with Mæcenases. The dignified clergy, who, to their honor be it said, have ever been the most generous patrons of Art in Italy, were the first to offer Angelica commissions. She painted the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Pozzobonelli, Count Firmiani, Rinaldo d'Este, Duke of Modena, and the Duchess of Massa-Carrara, and "many more," as the bard of the coronation sings. John Joseph Kauffmann's little daughter was welcome in palazzo, convent, and villa.

I am glad, seeing that Angelica was a prodigy, that J. J. Kauffmann did not in any way resemble that to me most odious character, the ordinary prodigy's father. There was the little prodigy with flaxen curls, in a black velvet tunic, with thunder and lightning buttons, who used to play on the harp so divinely, and used to be lifted in at carriage windows for countesses to kiss; and had at home a horrible, snuffy, Italian monster of a father, who ate up the poor child's earnings; who drank absinthe till he was mad, and pulled his miserable son's flaxen hair till he was tired; who was insufferably lazy, unimaginably proud, mean, vain, and dirty—a profligate and a cheat—who was fit for no place but the galleys, from which I believe he came, and to which I devoutly hope he returned. Miserable little dancing, singing, guitar-playing, painting, pianoforte-thumping, horse-riding, poem-reciting prodigies have I known—unfortunate little objects with heads much too large, with weary eyes, with dark bistre circles round them; the rachitic limbs, with a timid cowering aspect. I never knew but one prodigy's father who was good for anything, and he was a prodigy himself—an acrobat—and threw his son about as though he loved him. The rest—not only fathers, but mothers, brothers, and uncles—were all bad.

But J. J. Kauffmann loved his daughter dearly; and, though she was a prodigy, was kind to her. He delighted in sounding her praises. He petted her: he loved to vary her gentle name of Angelica into all the charming diminutives of which it was susceptible. He called her his Angela, his Angelina, his Angelinetta. He was a widower now, and his strange old turn for vagabondising came over him with redoubled force. The father and daughter—strange pair, so ill-assorted in age, so well in love—went tramping about the Grisons, literally picking up bread with the tips of their pencils. Once Angelica

was entrusted, alone, to paint, in fresco, an altar-piece for a village church; and a pleasant sight it must have been to watch the fragile little girl perched on the summit of a lofty scaffolding, gracefully, piously, painting angels and lambs and doves and winged heads: while, on the pavement beneath, honest J. J. Kauffmann was expatiating on his daughter's excellence to the pleased curate and the gaping villagers; or, more likely still, was himself watching the progress of those skilful, nimble little fingers up above—his arms folded, his head thrown back, tears in his eyes, and pride and joy in his heart.

The poor fellow knew he could never hope to leave his daughter a considerable inheritance. Money, he had none to give her. He gave her instead, and nearly starved himself to give her, the most brilliant education that could be procured. He held out the apple of science, and his pretty daughter was only too ready to bite at it with all her white teeth. Besides her rare aptitude for painting, she was passionately fond of, and had a surprising talent for, music. Her voice was pure, sweet, of great compass; her execution full of soul. Valiantly she essayed and conquered the most difficult of the grand old Italian pieces. These she sang, accompanying herself on the clavecin; and often would she sing from memory some dear and simple Tyrolean ballad to amuse her father, melancholy in his widowhood.

But painting and music, and the soul of a poet, and the form of a queen, how did these agree with poor father Kauffmann's domestic arrangements? Alas! the roof was humble, the bed was hard, the sheets were coarse, the bread was dark and sour when won. Then, while the little girl lay on the rugged pallet, or mended her scanty wardrobe, there would come up—half unbidden, half ardently desired—resplendent day-dreams, gorgeous visions of Apelles, the friend of kings, of Titian in his palace, of Rubens an ambassador with fifty gentlemen riding in his train, of Anthony Vandyke knighted by royalty, and respected by learning, and courted by beauty, of Raffaele the divine, all but invested with the purple pallium of the sacred college, of Velasquez with his golden key—Aposentador, Mayor to King Philip—master of the revels at the Isle of Pheasants—as handsome, rich, and proud, as any of the thousand nobles there. Who could help such dreams? The prizes in Art's lottery are few, but what can equal them in splendor and glory that dies not easily?

At sixteen years of age, Angelica was a brunette, rather pale than otherwise. She had blue eyes, long black hair, which fell in tresses over her polished shoulders, and which she could never be prevailed upon to powder; long beautiful hands, and coral lips. At twenty, Angelica was at Milan, where her voice and beauty were nearly the cause of her career as an artist being brought to an end. She was passionately solicited to appear on the lyric stage. Managers made her tempting offers; nobles sent her flattering notes; ladies approved; bishops and archbishops even gave a half assent; nay, J. J. Kauffmann himself could not disguise his eagerness for the syren voice of his Angelinetta to be heard at the Scala. But Angelica herself was true to her Art. She knew how jealous a mistress Art is; with a sigh, but bravely and resolutely, she bade farewell to music, and resumed her artistic studies with renewed energy.

After having visited Parma and Florence, she arrived in Rome, in seventeen hundred and sixty-three. Next year she visited Naples, and in the next year, Venice; painting everywhere, and received everywhere with brilliant and flattering homage. Six years of travel among the masterpieces of Italian Art, and constant practice and application, had ripened her talent, had enlarged her experience, had given a firmer grasp both to her mind and her hand. Her re-

putation spread much in Germany, most in Italy; though the Italians were much better able to appreciate her talent than to reward it. But, in the eighteenth century the two favorite amusements prevalent among the aristocracy of the island of Britain were the grand tour and patronage. No lord or baronet's education was complete till (accompanied by a reverend bear-leader) he had passed the Alps and studied each several continental vice on its own peculiar soil. But when he had reached Rome, he had done with vice, and went in for virtù. He fell into the hands of the antiquaries, virtuosi, and curiosity dealers of Rome with about the same result, to his pocket, as if he had fallen into the hands of the brigands of Terracina.

Some demon whispered, *Visto, have a taste.*

But the demon of virtù was not satisfied with the possession of taste by Visto. He insisted that he should also have a painter, a sculptor, a medallist, or an enamellist; and scarcely a lord or baronet arrived in England from the grand tour without bringing with him French cooks, French dancers, poodles, broken statues, chaplains, led captains, Dresden china, Buhl cabinets, Viennese clocks, and Florentine jewellery—some Italian artist, with a long name ending in *elli*, who was to be patronised by my lord; to paint the portraits of my lord's connections; to chisel out a colossal group for the vestibule of my lord's country-house; or to execute colossal monuments to departed British valor by my lord's recommendation. Sometimes the patronised *elli* turned out well; was really clever; made money, and became eventually an English R. A.; but much more frequently he was Signor Donkeyelli, atrociously incapable, conceited and worthless. He quarrelled with his patron, my lord, was cast off, and subsided into some wretched court near St. Martin's Lane, which he pervaded with stubby jaws, a ragged duffel coat, and a shabby hat cocked nine-bauble-square. He haunted French cookshops, and painted clock-faces, tavern-signs, anything. He ended miserably, sometimes in the workhouse, sometimes at Tyburn for stabbing a fellow-countryman in a night-cellar.

My poor Angelica did not escape the wide-spread snare of the age—patronage; but she fell, in the first instance, into good hands. Some rich English families residing at Venice made her very handsome offers to come to England. She hesitated; but, while making up her mind, thought there could be no harm in undertaking the study of the English language. In this she was very successful. Meanwhile, Father Kauffmann was recalled to Germany by some urgent family affairs. In this conjunction, an English lady, but the widow of a Dutch admiral, Lady Mary Veertvoort, offered to become her chaperon to England. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and was promptly put in execution.

Angelica Kauffmann arrived in London on the twenty-second of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-six. She took up her residence with Lady Mary Veertvoort in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The good old lady treated her like her own daughter, petted her, made much of her, and initiated her into all the little secrets of English comfort. Before she had been long in this country, she was introduced by the Marquis of Exeter to the man who then occupied, without rivalry and without dissent, the throne of English Art. Fortunate in his profession, easy in circumstances, liberal in his mode of living, cultivated in mind, fascinating in manners, the friendship of Joshua Reynolds was a thing of general desideration. To all it was pleasant—to many it was valuable.

Lord Exeter's introduction was speedily productive of a cordial intimacy between Angelica and Reynolds. He painted Angelica's portrait: she painted his. On the establishment of the Royal Academy, she was enrolled among its

members—a rare honor for a lady. But, the friendship of Sir Joshua soon ripened into a warmer feeling. He became vehemently in love with her. There is no evidence, or indeed reason, to suppose that Reynolds's intentions towards Angelica Kauffmann were anything but honorable. There was no striking disparity between their ages. The fame of Angelica bid fair in time to equal his own, and bring with it a commensurate fortune; yet, for some inexplicable reason—probably through an aversion or a caprice as inexplicable—Angelica discouraged his advances. To avoid his importunities, she even fled from the protection of Lady Mary Veertvoort, and established herself in a house in Golden Square, where she was soon afterwards joined by her father.

At the commencement of the year seventeen sixty-seven, Angelica Kauffmann shared—with hoops of extra magnitude, toupées of superabundant floweriness, shoe-heels of vividest scarlet, and china monsters of superlative ugliness—the mighty privilege of being the fashion. Madame de Pompadour was the fashion in France just then, so was Buhl furniture, Boucher's pictures, and the Baron de Holbach's atheism; so, in England were "drums," *ridottos*, Junius's Letters, and burnings of Lord Bute's jack-boots in effigy. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire—she who had even refused Reynolds the favor of transferring her lineaments to canvas—commissioned the fair Tyrolean to execute her portrait, together with that of Lady Duncannon. Soon came a presentation at St. James's; next a commission from George the Third for his portrait, and that of the young Prince of Wales. After this, Angelica became doubly, triply, fashionable. She painted at this time a picture of Venus attired by the Graces—a dangerous subject. Some of the critics grumbled, of course, and muttered that Cupid wouldn't have known his own mother in the picture; but decorous royalty applauded, and (oh dear, how decorous!) aristocracy patronised, and the critics were dumb.

So, all went merry as a marriage bell with J. J. Kauffmann's daughter. A magnificent portrait of the Duchess of Brunswick, put the seal to the patent of her reputation. No fashionable assembly was complete without her presence. In the world of fashion, the world of Art, the world of literature, she was sought after, courted, idolised. One young nobleman, it is stated, fell into a state of melancholy madness because she refused to paint his portrait. Officers in the Guards fought for a ribbon that had dropped from her corsage at a birthnight ball. The reigning toasts condescended to be jealous of her, and hinted that the beauty of "these foreign women" was often fictitious, and never lasting. Dowagers, more accustomed to the use of paint than even she was, hoped that she was "quite correct," and shook their powdered old heads, and croaked about Papists and female emissaries of the Pretender. Scandal, of course, was on the alert. Sir Benjamin Backbite called on Lady Sneerwell in his sedan-chair. Mrs. Candor was closeted with Mr. Marplot; and old Doctor Basilio, the Spanish music-master of Leicester-fields, talked toothless scandal with his patron, Don Bartolo of St. Mary's Axe. The worst stories that the scandal-mongers could invent were but two in number, and are harmless enough to be told here. One was, that Angelica was in the habit of attending, dressed in boy's clothes, the Royal Academy Life School; the second story—dreadful accusation!—was that Angelica was a flirt, an arrant coquette; and that one evening at Rome, being at the opera with two English artists, one of whom was Mr. Dance (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, the painter of Garrick in Richard the Third), she had allowed both gentlemen gently to encircle her waist with their arms—at the same time: nay, more, that folding her own white waxen arms on the ledge

of the opera box, and finding naturally a palpitating artist's hand on either side, she had positively given each hand a squeeze, also at the same time: thereby leading each artist to believe that he was the favored suitor. I don't believe my Angelica ever did anything of the kind.

Scandal, jealousy, reigning toasts, and withered dowagers notwithstanding, Angelica continued the fashion. Still the carriages blocked up Golden Square; still she was courted by the noble and wealthy; still ardent young Oxford bachelors and buckish students of the Temple wrote epistles in heroic verses to her; still she was the talk of the coffee-houses and studios; still from time to time the favored few who gained admission to Lady Mary Veertvoort's evening concerts were charmed by Angelica's songs—by the grand Italian pieces, and the simple, plaintive, Tyrolean airs of old—still all went merry as a marriage bell.

In seventeen sixty-eight there appeared in the most fashionable circles of London a man, young, handsome, distinguished, accomplished in manners, brilliant in conversation, the bearer of a noble name, and the possessor of a princely fortune. He dressed splendidly, played freely, lost good-humoredly, took to racing, cock-fighting, masquerade-giving, and other fashionable amusements of the time, with much kindness and spirit. He speedily became the fashion himself, but he did not oust Angelica from her throne: he reigned with her, a twin-planet. This was the Count Frederic de Horn, the representative of a noble Swedish family, who had been for some time expected in England. Whether my poor, poor little Angelica really loved him; whether she was dazzled by his embroidery, his diamond star, his glittering buckles, his green riband, his title, his handsome face and spacious tongue, will never be known; but she became speedily his bride. For my part I think she was seized by one of those short madnesses of frivolity to which all beautiful women are subject. You know not why, they know not why themselves, but they melt the pearl of their happiness in vinegar as the Egyptian queen did: she in the wantonness of wealth; they in the wasteful extravagance of youth, the consciousness of beauty, the impatience of control, and the momentary hatred of wise counsel.

Angelica Kauffmann was married in January seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, with great state and splendor, to the man of her choice. Half London witnessed their union: rich were the presents showered upon the bride, multifarious the good wishes for the health and prosperity of the young couple. And all went merry as a marriage bell—till the bell rang out, first in vague rumors, then in more accredited reports, at last as an incontrovertible miserable truth, that another Count de Horn had arrived in England to expose and punish an impostor and swindler who had robbed him of his property and his name—till it was discovered that Angelica Kauffmann had married the man so sought—a low-born cutpurse, the footman of the count!

Poor Angelica, indeed! This bell tolled the knell of her happiness on earth. The fraudulent marriage was annulled as far as possible, by a deed of separation dated the tenth of February, seventeen hundred and sixty-eight; a small annuity was secured to the wretched impostor, on condition that he should quit England and not return thereto. He took his money and went abroad. Eventually he died in obscurity.

Numberless conjectures have been made as to whether this unfortunate marriage was merely a genteel swindling speculation on the part of the Count de Horn's lacquey; or whether it was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy against the happiness and honor of Angelica. A French novelist who has written a romance on the events of my heroine's life, invents a very dex-

terous, though very improbable, fable of a certain Lord Baronet, member of the chamber of Commons, whose hand had been refused by Angelica, and who in mean and paltry revenge, discovered, tutored, fitted out, and launched into society, the rascally fellow who had been recently discharged from the service of the Count de Horn, and whose name he impudently assumed. Another novelist makes out the false count to have been a young man, simple, credulous, and timid—lowly-born, it is true, but still sincerely enamored of Angelica (like the Claude Melnotte of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*). He is even led to believe that he is the real Prince of Como—we beg pardon: Count de Horn—imagines that a mysterious veil envelops the circumstances of his birth; but, when the truth is discovered, and he finds that he has been made the tool of designing villains, he testifies the utmost remorse, and is desirous of making every reparation in his power. A third author, M. Dessalles Regis, not only avers the premeditated guilt of the false count, but alludes to a dark rumor that the Beauséant of the drama, the villain who had dressed up this lay figure in velvet and gold lace to tempt Angelica to destruction, was no other than her rejected lover, Sir Joshua Reynolds. For my part, I incline to the first hypothesis. I believe the footman to have been a scoundrel.

A long period of entire mental and bodily prostration followed the ill-starred marriage. J. J. Kauffmann, good fellow, comforted his daughter as well as he was able; but his panacea for her grief, both of mind and body, was Italy. He was weary of England, fogs, fashions, false counts—there was no danger of spurious nobility abroad; for could not any one with a hundred a year of his own be a count if he liked? Still Angelica remained several years more in this country; still painting; still patronised, but living almost entirely in retirement. When the death of her husband the footman placed her hand at liberty, she bestowed it on an old and faithful friend, Antonio Zucchi, a painter of architecture; and, five days afterwards, the husband, wife, and father embarked for Venice. Zucchi was a tender husband; but he was a wayward, chimerical, visionary man, and wasted the greatest part of his wife's fortune in idle speculations. He died in seventeen ninety-five, leaving her little or nothing. The remainder of poor Angelica's life was passed, if not in poverty, at least in circumstances straitened to one who, after the first hardships of her wandering youth, had lived in splendor and freedom, and the companionship of the great. But she lived meekly, was a good woman, and went on painting to the last.

Angelica Kauffmann died a lingering death at Rome, on the fifth of November, eighteen hundred and five. On the seventh, she was buried in the church of St. Andrea delle Fratte; the academicians of St. Luke followed the bier, and the entire ceremony was under the direction of Canova. As at the funeral of Raffaëlle Sanzio, the two last pictures she had painted were carried in the procession; on the coffin there was a model of her right hand in plaster, the fingers crisped, as though it held a pencil.

This was the last on earth of Angelica Kauffmann. Young, beautiful, amiable, gifted by Nature with the rarest predilections, consecrated to the most charming of human occupations, run after, caressed, celebrated among the most eminent of her contemporaries, she would appear to have possessed everything that is most desirable in this life. One little thing she wanted to fill up the measure of her existence, and that was happiness. This is man's life. There is no block of marble so white but you shall find a blue vein in it, and the snow-flake from heaven shall not rest a second on the earth without becoming tinged with its impurities.—*Household Words*.